Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE, UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

NEW SERIES. EBENSBURG, PA. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1865. VOL. 12--NO. 11

"DEMOCRAT & SENTINEL" is published every Wednesday morning, at TWO DOLLARS per annum, payable in advance; TWO DOLLARS AND TWENTY FIVE CENTS, if not paid within six months; and TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS if not paid until the termination of the year.

No subscription will be received for a shorter period than six months, and no subscriber will be at liberty to discontinue his paper until allarrearages are paid, except at the option of the editor. Any person subscribing for six months will be charged ONE DOLLAR TWENTY FIVE CENTS, unless the money is paid in advance.

Advertising Rates.

	One insert'n.	Two do.	Three do
1 square, [12 lines]	$ 50	$ 75	$1,00
2 squares, [24 lines]	1 00	1 50	2 00
3 squares, [36 lines]	1 50	2 00	3 00

	3 months.	6 do.	12 do
6 lines or less,	$1 50	$3 00	$5 00
1 square, [12 lines]	2 50	4 50	9 00
2 squares, [24 lines]	4 00	7 00	12 00
3 squares, [36 lines]	6 00	9 00	14 00
Half a column,	10 00	12 00	20 00
One column,	15 00	22 00	35 00

Miscellaneous.

Over the Water.

Mr. Horace Poppyton was a young gentleman of about twenty-four years of age, of such excessive amiability, that it was generally feared by his anxious relatives that on and after the auspicious day—as yet unmixed—on which he was to marry Miss Arabella Alma, he would cease to be his own master. Miss Alma was a "blue" of a not particular attractive type—rather a strong Prussian than a delicate ultramarine; but then had not her rich uncle Charles announced his intention of allowing her sixty pounds a year when she made a matrimonial alliance, and was not that better than nothing? Horace's father thought so, his son's income not being much over a hundred and fifty a year in Somerset House.

Young Poppyton admired Arabella, but was rather afraid of her. Her figure was large, her voice loud; if ever she asked his advice on any point she usually laughed at it when given. This was of course both irritating and uncomplimentary; besides, her utter contempt for the theory of unbounded confidence, which it is held by some should exist between those on the brink of matrimony, did not augur very well for their future happiness. Arabella was as reticent as the dark haired gipsy woman of a transpontine melodrama, who seldom appreciate the beauties of candor until late in the last act; and, as she was fond of the stage, she was perhaps prone to imitate her Thespian heroines. "I shall be henpecked to a dead certainty," Horace often thought; but the good-natured fellow invariably sighed a sigh of resignation whenever the disagreeable idea took possession of him.

We are unable to give any information of the nature of the business that took Horace Poppyton one fine morning in August to that district of the metropolis described by the denizens of the west end as "over the water," but we saw him parading the pavement of a close, dingy looking street, situated between Westminister Bridge road and old Lambeth palace.

The sun's rays were warm, and the limbs of the Lambeth gamins rendered inert and tropically languid thereby, they sought repose on convenient, but dirty, footsteps, and gave themselves up to an *al fresco siesta*.

The street was almost deserted, when a human butterfly suddenly made its appearance, of so dazzling a hue as to bring Horace to a standstill, cause his cigar to drop from his mouth, and his hands to slide suddenly, but not gracefully, into his trousers' pockets. His admiring gaze took in a fashionably small black bonnet, trimmed with roses; a graceful, well formed figure, set of by a white jacket, a black lace shawl, and green silk skirt. The *tout ensemble* was ravishing. The face—well, Horace could not at present see that all important part of the feminine whole, for the young lady—of course she was young—was inspecting the numbers of the houses, and consequently thus prevented Horace Poppyton, who was on the opposite side of the way, from obtaining a view of her *facade*. He, however, was determined to gratify his curiosity.

"Who is it? Why, by Jupiter, it is Arabella. In a new rig out, too! What the duce can she be doing in this locality? I don't half like it—ah! she sees me."

The above remarks Mr. Horace Poppyton jerked out in a manner utterly defiant of all elocutionary principles, although his surprise was perhaps some excuse for his inelegance. The lady on the other side of the way had suddenly turned round and presented her full face to him, revealed to the astonished gazer the significantly self-possessed features of Arabella Alma.

"Well, Arabella, this is a surprise! who would ever have thought of seeing you on this side of the water; business—eh?" said Horace, as he made himself known to his intended.

Miss Arabella eyed her lover from top to toe, then raised herself to her full hight.

"Mr. Poppyton," she replied—she never addressed her lover more familiarly—"I might decline to answer an inquiry the doupt implied by which is only excelled by the impertinence you are guilty of in making it. On consideration I do decline to answer you otherwise than by stating that it is business that brings me in the streets of Rome."

"This is the parish of Lambeth," remarked Horace; "she's been at the play books again," he thought.

"If in the poetic enthusiasm of my nature I chose to speak of it as Rome, I believe I am at liberty to do so without asking the permission of Mr. Horace Poppyton," retorted Miss Alma.

"Call Lambeth by any name you please, 'tis sure to smell just as sweet," said Horace.

"Good morning, Mr. Poppyton," said Arabella. "I am in no mood for the real this morning—the ideal world claims me; good morning, Mr. Pop—ah, I must pop in here."

So saying, Miss Alma made her exit through the door of what appeared to be a fourth rate lodging house, leaving Horace irritated and bewildered.

"I wonder if there's madness in the family—I must find out," thought Horace. "A queer looking house that, almost disreputable in appearance. Whom can she know there? I'll inquire the name of the tenant. Oh, I see, there is an ice and ginger beer shop exactly opposite, and an elderly female behind the counter, who may prove communicative. I'll go in and invest sixpence."

With an ice-cream melting in his mouth, Horace endeavored to melt the tongue of the proprietress of the establishment into words. But he was not skilled in that sort of finesse, and could not get much out of her.

"No, sir," said she; "much as I always likes to oblige my customers, and great as is the satisfaction I always gives, yet when it comes to over the way I'm dumb, for you see when there's ten shillings owing for tarts, and they never enters the shop, bad feelings get into the 'art, and one can't speak impartial like of one's enemies; so I never say one word either for or against, though much I fear that, were I compelled to speak out, there'd be venom on my tongue, which venom wouldn't be far short of the truth."

"But I suppose they are respectable——Hang it! a regiment of women——I"

"Sixpence for the glass, and the same for the plate,"—said the voice behind the counter.

In his excitement Poppyton had dropped both ice and plate on the floor; and certainly the sight that met his eyes was anything but agreeable to his feelings as a lover. Out of the very house which Arabella but a few moments since had entered, there issued a procession of about a dozen young girls, all dressed with a dingy smartness, that betrayed the appreciation, if not the possession of finery. They gave a little run as they left the house, with an accompanying titter. After these came a small man in snuffy short cut coat, with a little woman to match; and last, but it must be confessed decidedly least in Horace's estimation, Miss Arabella herself, looking, to do her justice, anything but ashamed of the company by which she was surrounded.

Horace threw down half a crown in payment for his breakage, and rushed from the shop. Should he follow Arabella, and expostulate with her? Certainly not. He might have done so once; but now—never; there must be an end to everything between them. So he quietly made his way back over Westminister bridge, and thence to his father's house at Brompton. He sat himself down first of all to think, and then to write. His thoughts did not result in much; but he wrote the following epistle to Arabella:

"MISS ALMA—The sight I witnessed this morning, filled me with painful surprise; and unless you can give me a satisfactory explanation of conduct which, with deep regret, I am bound to stigmatize as totally unbecoming a lady, indeed I may say a respectable female, I must break off the engagement that at present exists between us. HORACE POPPYTON."

Horace took a good deal of pains with this note and was rather proud of it when finished; for although addicted to writing scraps of occasional poetry in ladies' albums he was by no means a fluent prose writer. He sealed the note with the air of an injured man, who enjoys the one consolation of having done his duty, and put in the post himself. In the evening he went to the theatre to dissipate the "blues." One of the actors reminded him of the little man in the snuff colored coat he had seen in the morning leave the dirty house, in the equally unclean street whither business had summoned Miss Alma "over the water." He left the theatre, returned home, and passed a sleepless night.

In due time the post brought Horace a letter from Arabella. It was brief and characteristic—of madness Poppyton thought. Who but a lunatic could have indicted the following?—

MR. HORACE—The writer begs pardon, Horace—Poppyton—Sir, the re-respectable (?) female declines to give the required explanation. Why should she? —why indeed! Does H. P. think that poetic sensability can succomb to vulgarity? The thoughts that permeate my mind have nothing common with the vulgar herd. H. P. is at liberty to break off the engagement. Will Arabella grieve? Break a hair—mark me, a single hair—from off the lion's mane, and ask the royal monarch of the jungle if he feels it. The day is near at hand that will be 'big with the events of Cato and of Rome.'

ARABELLA ALMA."

Horace read over this extraordinary composition with intense gravity. Any indignation at Arabella's heartlessness he might have peviously felt was now merged into a feeling of pity.

It was painfully evident to him that she was touched—wrong in the head; and after a little reflection he came to the conclusion that the best thing he could do, under the circumstances, would be to call upon her father and inform thdt gentleman of the distressing state of his daughter's mind.

Mr. Alma was a quiet, undemonstrative man, proud of his common sense, and anxious that those about him should possess the same attribute. Young Poppyton was a bit of a favorite of his, principally because, in common with himself he thoroughly detested pathos. A shrewd man of business, had been Mr. Alma, and although he had now disposed of his business, he still retained his shrewdness.

"Well, Pop, my boy, what's up?" exclaimed Mr. Alma, when Horace, with a very long face and a trembling hand, which held, with a tenacious clutch Arabella's letter, made his appearance.

I've called, sir, about Ar-Arabella," said Horace, piteously.

"Arabella!" said Mr Alma, pleasantly; "she's just left for the country; gone to see some friends in Kent."

"For the benefit of her health?" asked Horace.

"Not professedly," replied Mr. Alma, "although I think the change will do her some good. I don't fancy she has been quite the thing lately. Do you know what's been the matter with her? Lovers are privileged creatures, eh?"

"Don't know, I'm sure, sir, unless—But there, to be candid with you, sir, I have a suspicion that she's not quite right in her head," said Horace.

"Arabella not right in her head?" exclaimed Mr. Alma; "that's good! Ha! ha! Why, she's no more mad than a hair dresser's dummy; but, stay, now I think, Poppy, sit down, and let me hear what you have got to say."

Horace told him what he had seen "over the water," and then placed Arabella's letter in the hands of her father. The old gentleman read the eccentric production with a perplexed air, and returned it to Horace.

"It is strange, my boy," said he, I thought the other day the girl seemed flighty, but then I attributed it all to an overflow of 'gush' and animal spirits. Lemonadish stuff, that 'gush.'"

Horace remained silent. Presently a servant entered with a newspaper, just delivered by the post.

"Country newspaper, and from Arabella, too!" exclaimed Mr Alma, unfolding the sheet; "and bless me, Poppy, what's this? How duced odd!"

Here the speaker paused to peruse the paragraph, the heading of which had attracted his attention.

"There," said he, "read that Pop."

Mr. Alma handed the paper to Horace, who read as follows:

"AMATEUR THEATRICALS.—We perceive by an advertisement in another portion of our Journal, that the young lady who is to enact the difficult *role* of Juliana in the 'Honeymoon,' at the forthcoming amateur performance in aid of the volunteer funds, will on that occasion make her first appearance on any stage. We wish Miss Arabella Alma every success."

"That's pleasant for a father to read," remarked Mr. Alma, drily.

"That accounts for a good deal," said Horace, "but it does'nt explain the 'over the water' business," he added mentally.

"Why, Pop, this is the night of the performance," continued Mr. Alma, referring to the newspaper. "Greendale is only half an hour's ride on the North Kent line. Run down there this evening, my boy, keep yourself dark, see the performance, and—"

"What? asked Horace, perceiving a roguish twinkle in the eye of Arabella's father.

"Write the *critique* for the local paper, and cut up Juliana," replied Mr. Alma. "That'll cure Arabella of her passion for the stage, I'll wager a pound; or, at all events, punish the sly puss for her secrecy."

After a little further consultation, Mr. Alma's scheme was agreed upon, and in the evening Horace Poppyton took his departure for Greendale.

* * * * * * *

The amateur theatricals in aid of the funds of the Greendale volunteer corps proved a great success in a pecuniary sense. Charity under any circumstances, is said to cover a multitude of sins; and at Greendale on this particular occasion it most certainly sheltered some bad acting. Possibly the audience who witnessed the performance were perfectly aware that the "Honeymoon" was vilely rendered; but then they reflected that the goodness of the cause for which the "poor"—and the adjective in one sense was extremely applicable—"players" had exerted themselves, should rob criticism of its keen edge. The proprietor and editor of the Greendale Comet, hitherto a man universally respected for his mild, hebdomadel leaders, became an object of universal execration for the heathenish attack upon the "theatricals" that had appeared in the columns of his journal. And what could he urge in extenuation of his impertinence? Nothing save a story to the effect that about an hour previous to the commencement of the performance, a young gentleman had entered his office, represented himself as being connected with the London Press, and expressed a strong desire to criticise the efforts of the Greendale Thespians. He (the editor) naturally felt flattered by the proposition, to which he readily acceded. The notice of the entertainment was written and set up in type, the provincial editor not deeming it worth while to peruse the production of the metropolitan reporter, who of course knew his business. The result was the explosion of a literary bombshell in Greendale, whose inhabitants regarded the "gentleman of the London press" as a myth, and attributed the authorship of the *critique*, which ran down the peformers in general, and Miss Alma in particular, to the editor himself.

"I should like to know the name of the man who wrote that wicked article about me? exclaimed Arabella Alma, in the presence of her father, on her return to London. "It was cruel—wicked!"

"Nonsense, my dear, I dare say the writer spoke his mind," replied Mr. Alma; "and the truth, too," he added, *sotto voce*. "By the way, Arabella, is it on or off with young Poppyton?"

"Don't know. How you worry," was the sulky rejoinder.

"She's beginning to to talk plain English; a decided improvement," thought her father. "You had better marry him, Bella."

"Well, I suppose I had," returned Arabella.

"One question more, love," said her father. "What were you doing in Lambeth—'over the water'—the day Horace met you accidentally?"

For a moment Arabella looked very much inclined to cry.

"Well," she said at last, "if you must know, I was taking lessons in acting of some one connected with the stage. The man in the snuff colored coat was an actor, the woman his wife, and the girls the ballet people. When Horace saw me leave the house with them, we were going to the theatre, where I received my instruction, and rehearsed. And now, papa, be good enough never again to allude to my folly, of which I am heartily ashamed. I hate the very sound of the word theatre."

When Arabella Alma became Mrs. Horace Poppyton, she settled down a quiet sensible woman. Horace instead of being a henpecked husband, is one of the happiest of men, while his wife's conversation is ornamented with the simplest words. She seldom visits a theatre, and "business" never takes her "Over the Water."

☞ A small German baron had occasion, a few days ago, to see baron Rothschild, of Frankfort. The great financier was writing away for dear life when Baron X——was announced. He did not even lift his eyes, but said—

"Take a chair, sir."

The baron with true German touchiness about titles, said—

"Sir, indeed! I think M. le Baron did not hear my name. I am a baron also—Baron X——"

"Ah, a thousand pardons," said the banker, still writing, "you are a baron ——take two chairs, then, if you will be so kind and wait till I have finished this letter."

☞ A singular animal resembling a kangaroo or baboon, has been caught on one of the highest peaks of the Sierras. Its voice is strangely like that of a human being. The animal, when standing on its hind legs, is about three and a half feet high.

An Unkind Tear.

When I used to 'tend store at th "Regulator" in Syracuse, the old gentle man comes round one day and says:—

"Boys, the the one that sells the mos 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest pattern as a present."

Maybe we didn't work for that vest pattern! I tell you there was some tal stories told in praise of goods just about that time. More cheek than any of us had a certain John Squires, who roomed with me. He could take a dollar out of any man's pocket when he had intended to spend only a sixpence; and the women—Lord Bless you?—they just handed their pocket books to him and let him lay out what he liked for them.

One night John woke me up with:—

"By Josh old fellow, if you think that ere's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make him swear to his own wool! 'Twon't wear out either—wore a pair of pants of that kind of stuff myself for a year, and they're as good now as when I first put em on! Take it a thirtyt cents, and I'll say you don't owe me anything. Eh, too dear? We'll call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain!

I could feel John's hand playing about the bed clothes for an instant; then, rip! tear! went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that John had torn the old sheet from top to bottom.

When I woke up next morning I found—alas! unkindest tear of all—that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collar band.

☞ A worthy man in this in this great metropolis recently visited a medium to witness the wonders of spiritual rappings. He had lived twelve years with a notorious shrew, who at last died, soon after which he married a young woman of comely person and pleasant disposition. On inquiring if any spirits were present, he was answered by raps in the affirmative. "Who?"

"The spirit of Melinda your deceased wife."

"Ah!" exclaimed he with a gesture of alarm; but recovering himself, he kindly inquired, "are you satisfied with your condition?"

"Yes."

"Are you happy?"

"Perfectly so," replied the spirit.

"So am I!" gruffly exclaimed the ungallant inquirer, as he turned and walked off.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.—There was, 'once upon a time,' an old pilferer Down East, on whom all thefts, far and near, were at once charged, when any loss was discovered. The old fellow bore the universal 'onus' patiently for a time; but finding that in some instances he was suffering for the sins of others, he issued a Caution to the Public in the usual form;

"I hereby forbid all persons, from this date, to steal on my account and risk. I am no longer accountable for their trespasses, as I have more than I can account for of my own."

☞ "An "idea modeler" writes: I was teaching in a quiet country village. The second morning of my session I found leisure to note my surroundings, and among the scanty furniture I espied a three legged stool.

"Is that the dunce-block?" I asked of a little girl of five. The dark eyes sparkled, the curs nodded assent, and the lips rippled out—

"I guess so, the teacher always sets on that."

The stool was unoccupied that term.

☞ "Sir," said a sturdy beggar to a benevolent man, "please to give me a quarter; I am hungry and unable to procure food." The quarter was given, when the beggar said: "You have done a noble deed. You have saved me from something which I fear I will yet have to come to."

"What is that?" said the benefactor.

"*Work*," was the mournful answer.

☞ A lady, more favored with fortune than with education, at a soiree which she gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new *Melody* she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very catching.

☞ "I'll pay your bill at sight," said the blind man to the doctor, who in vain attempted to cure him of blindness.

☞ Why is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes round and gathers up the waist.